YOU GAVE US YOUR DIMES NOW WE WANT OUR RIGHTS



DISABILITY IS AN ART.



CRIPPLE LULLABY

I'm trickster coyote in a gnarly-bone suit I'm a fate worse than death in shit-kickin'boots

I'm the nightmare booga you flirt with in dreams 'Cause I emphatically demonstrate: It ain't what it seems

I'm a whisper, I'm a heartbeat, I'm "that accident," and goodbye One thing I am not is a reason to die.

I'm homeless in the driveway of your manicured street I'm Evening Magazine's SuperCrip of the Week

I'm the girl in the doorway with no illusions to spare I'm a kid dosed on chemo, so who said life is fair

I'm a whisper, I'm a heartbeat, I'm "let's call it suicide," and a sigh One thing I am not is a reason to die

I'm the poster child with doom-dipped eyes I'm the ancient remnant set adrift on ice

I'm that Valley girl, you know, dying of thin I'm all that is left of the Cheshire Cat's grin

I'm the Wheelchair Athlete, I'm every dead Baby Doe I'm the Earth's last volcano, and I am ready to blow

I'm a whisper, I'm a heartbeat, I'm a genocide survivor, and Why? OnE thing I am not is a reason to die.

I am not a reason to die.

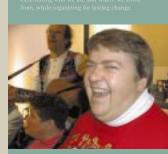
- Cheryl Marie Wade







DISABILITY IS A UNIQUE WAY OF LIFE.









ire from disability rig vists, administrators t erse their decision, an January 1996, Jenser omes the first person wn syndrome to recei heart-lung transplant